

to the town of Great Valley, Cattaraugus county. It is a natural barometer. Nobody ever remembers that farm, winter or summer, if the weather is settled, without asking something like this:

"Does the well threaten a change?"

For every one knows that if there is bad weather coming the well will let them know it.

They call the well up there the "whistling well." Although it doesn't whistle now. But that was only fault of the well. This well was dug about fifty years ago by the father of Col. Flint, who now occupies the farm. He put it down forty-five feet, but found no water, and dug no further. Instead of water, a strong current of air came out of the well. The opening of the well was covered with a big flat stone. For amusement a hole was drilled in the stone and a big tin whistle fitted into it. This whistle had two tones—one when the air rushed up from the well, and a different one when the counter current sucked the air back into the mysterious depths.

Further, before the discovery was made that within forty feet of the surface of the earth a counteracting current from the well started the whistle in shrieking a storm invariably followed. When the tone of the whistle was changed by the counteracting current, the storm was discovered that the change meant a change and the counteracting current failed. When the counteracting current failed the whistle was silent. The whistle got out of order and it remained so for some reason, was never repaired, but the coming of some storm, was foretold by the air still prophesying the coming of their "swells of weather" with unvarying infallibility.

**The Falls of the McKenzie.**

*From the Albany Journal.*

McKenzie River is the outflow of twin lakes on the eastern slope of Hackensack Pass. It is mightily rushing toward the beginning of the great falls, one at least seventy-five feet, and probably more, and the other one hundred feet. It is reputed to be the largest of the kind in the unbroken forest and over the roughest volcanic and igneous.

Nothing could so ruin the scenery of these rugged regions is likely to be overdrawn. When the marvels of grandeur of the falls we were amazed at the sight of Niagara none of us had seen anything similar. It is a torrent that is precipitated over the face of the rocks into a gorge of indescribably rugged canon, and leaps without covering the cliffs with spray. Billings the gorge and the growths of grass and fragrant flowers to spring